The Youth by the Brook.

DER JÜNGLING AM BACHE.

by

FRIEDRICH SCHILLER.

By the brook the youth reclining,
Twined sweet flowers in a wreath,
And he saw them hurried onwards
By the dancing waves beneath.
"Thus, alas, my days fleet swiftly,
"Like the restless billows past!
"Thus my youth's sweet prime decayeth,
"Like the wreaths that wither fast.

"Ask me not why thus I sorrow
"In the verdant bloom of life!
"All when Spring her smile reneweth,
"Is with hope and pleasure rife.
"But the thousand songs of Nature,
"Waking from her dreary sleep,
"Do but raise a heavy sadness
"In my bosom's lowest deep.

"What to me are all the raptures
"Smiling round Spring's verdant car?
"One I seek, and but one only,
"She is near, yet ever far.
"Fain would I this lovely vision
"In my longing arms enclose,
"But, alas, I cannot clasp it,
"And my heart finds no repose!

"Come descend, thou lovely fair one,
"And thy stately palace leave!
"Flowers, which the spring hath borne thee,
"Thou shalt in thy lap receive.
"Purling flows the crystal streamlet,
"Hark! with song resounds the air;
"Space the smallest cot possesseth
"For a happy loving pair.

An der Quelle sass der Knabe,
Blumen wand er sich zum Kranz,
Und er sah sie fortgerissen
Treiben in der Wellen Tanz.
Und so fliehen meine Tage,
Wie die Quelle, rastlos hin!
Und so bleichet meine Jugend,
Wie die Kränze schnell verblühn.

Fraget nicht, warum ich traure
In des Lebens Blüthenzeit!
Alles freuet sich und hoffet,
Wenn der Frühling sich erneut.
Aber diese tausend Stimmen
Der erwachenden Natur
Wecken in dem tiefen Busen
Mir den schweren Kummer nur.

Was soll mir die Freude frommen,
Die der schöne Lenz mir beut?
Eine nur ist's, die ich suche,
Sie ist nah und ewig weit.
Sehnend breit' ich meine Arme
Nach dem theuren Schattenbild,
Ach, ich kann es nicht erreichen,
Und das Herz bleibt ungestillt!

Komm herab, du schöne Holde,
Und verlass dein stolzes Schloss!
Blumen, die der Lenz geboren,
Strew' ich dir in deinen Schooss.
Horch, der Hain erschallt von Liedern,
Und die Quelle rieselt klar!
Raum ist in der kleinsten Hütte
Für ein glücklich liebend Paar.

Composed for his Friend,

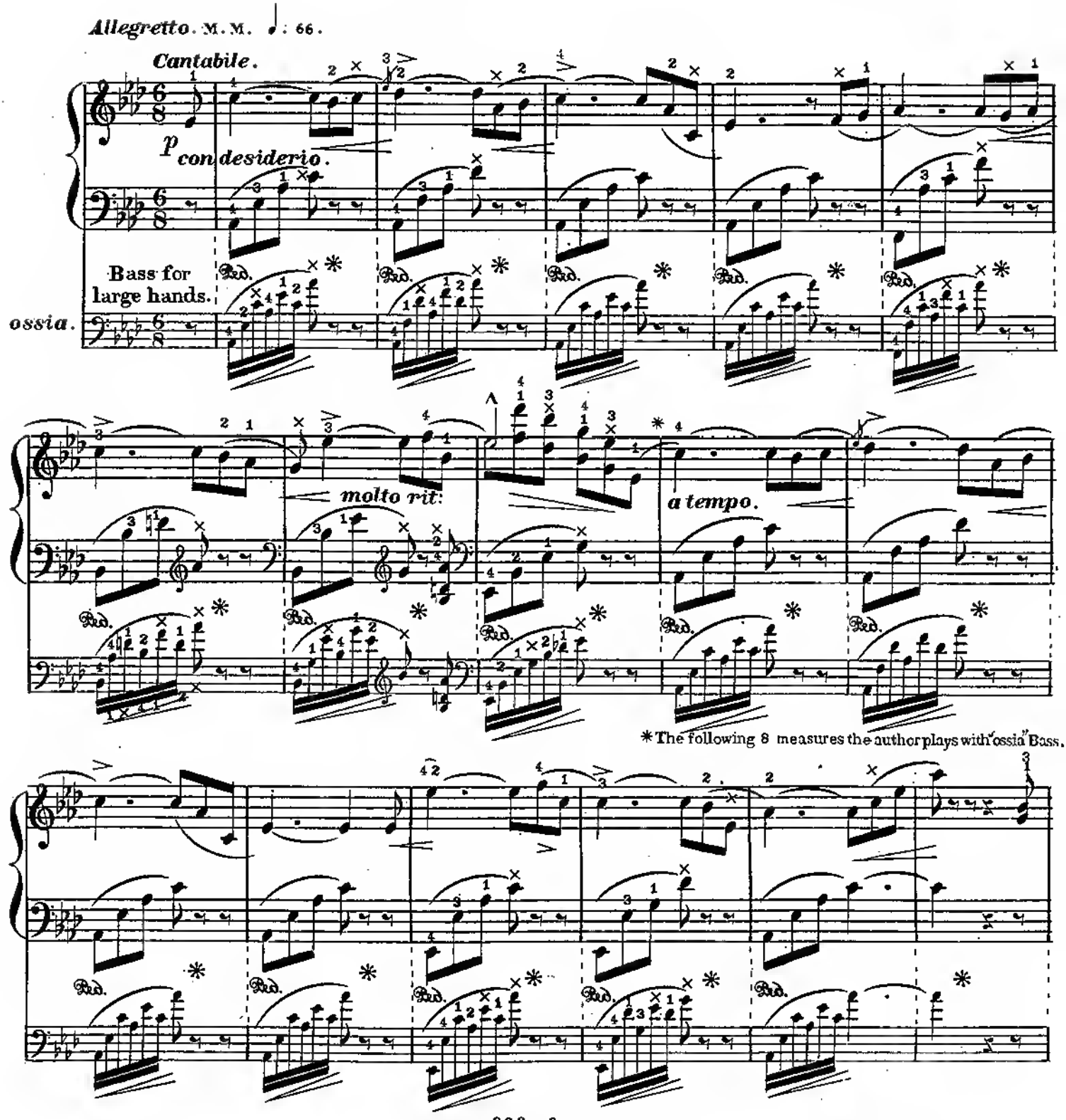
Miss Anna E. Siebert.

THE YOUTH BY THE BROOK.

(DER JÜNGLING AM BACHE.)

JEAN PAUL.
(JacobKunkel)

Tone Poem Characteristic.



*The following 8 measures the author plays with "ossia" Bass.

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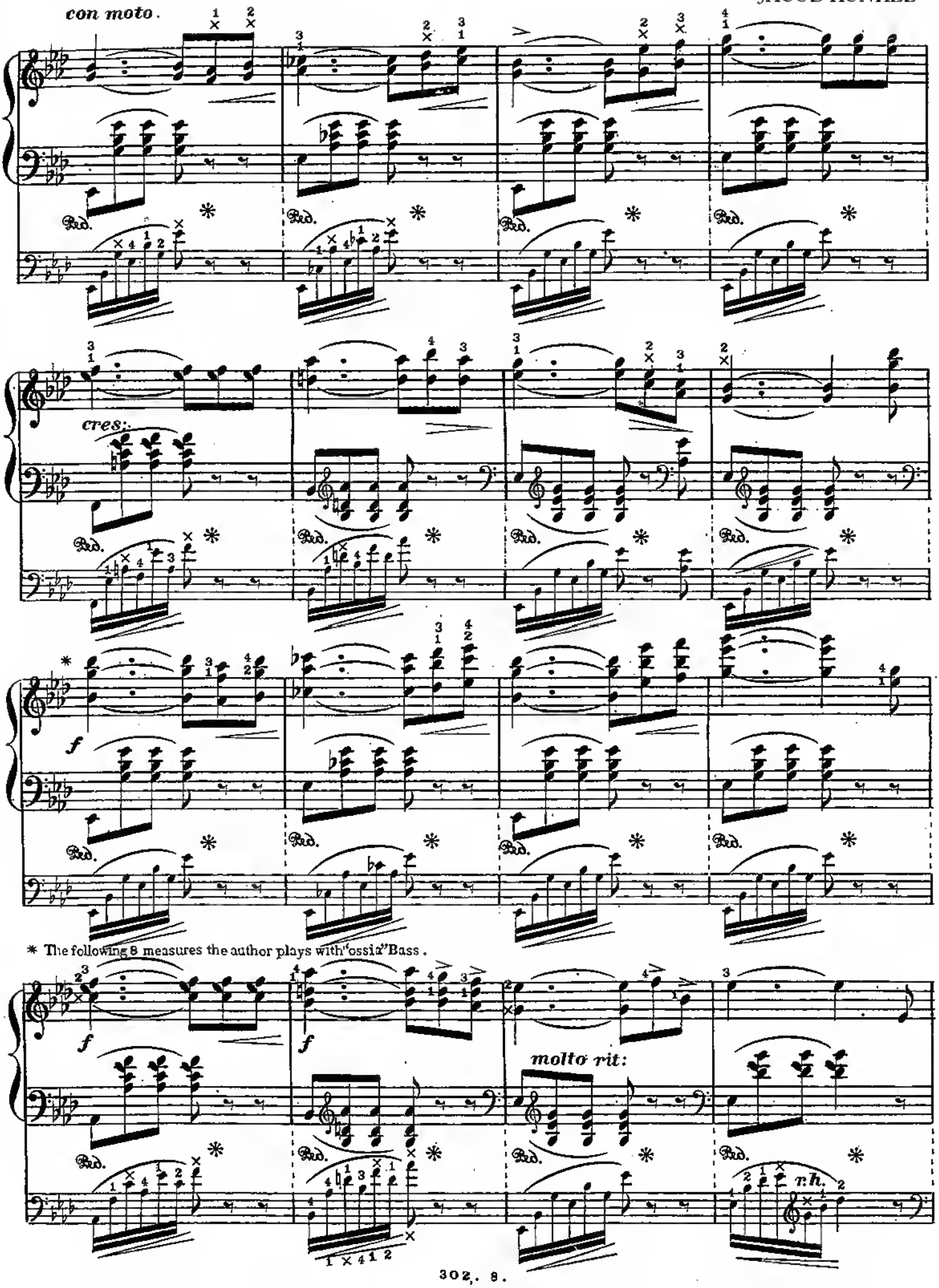
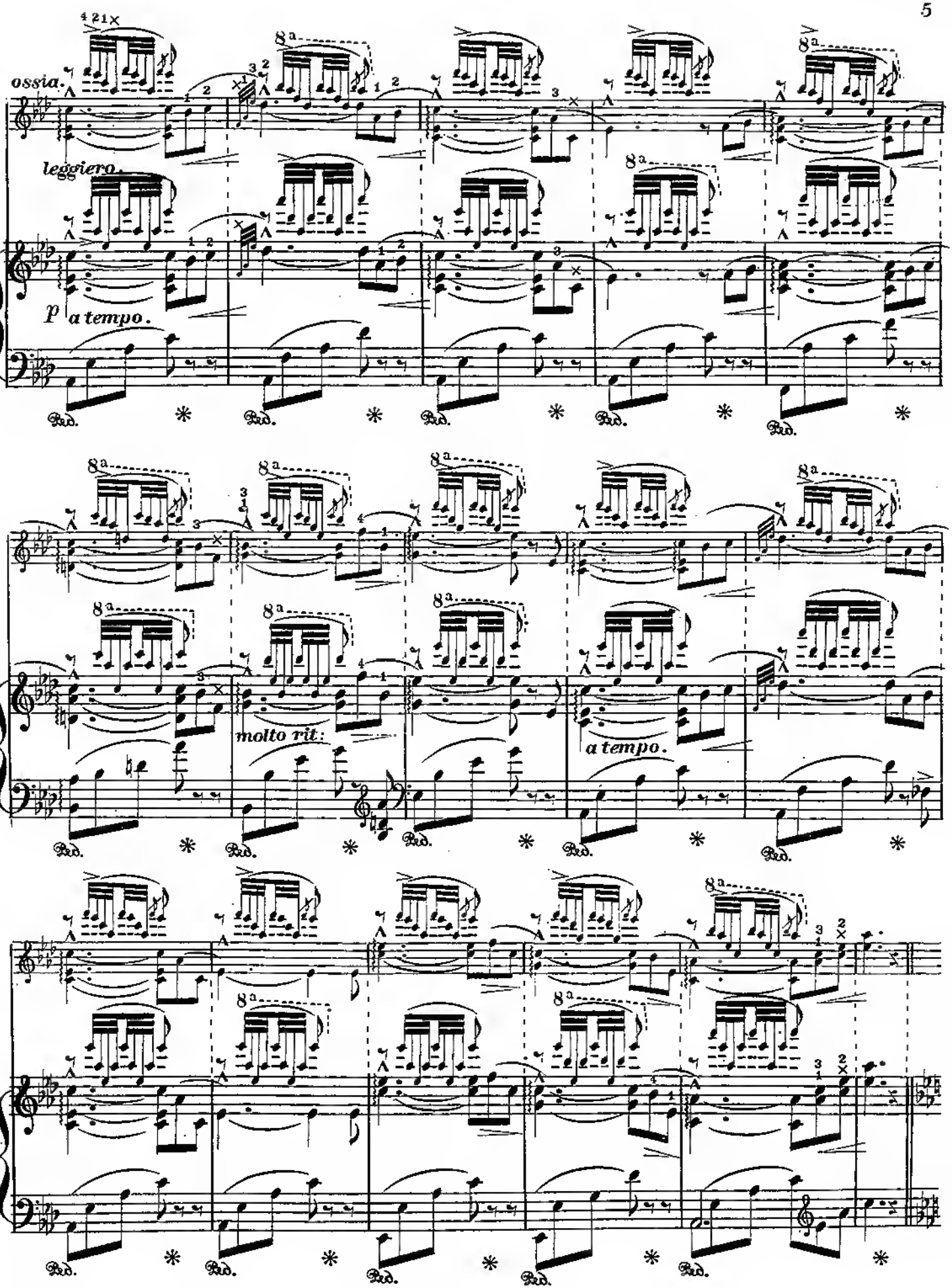
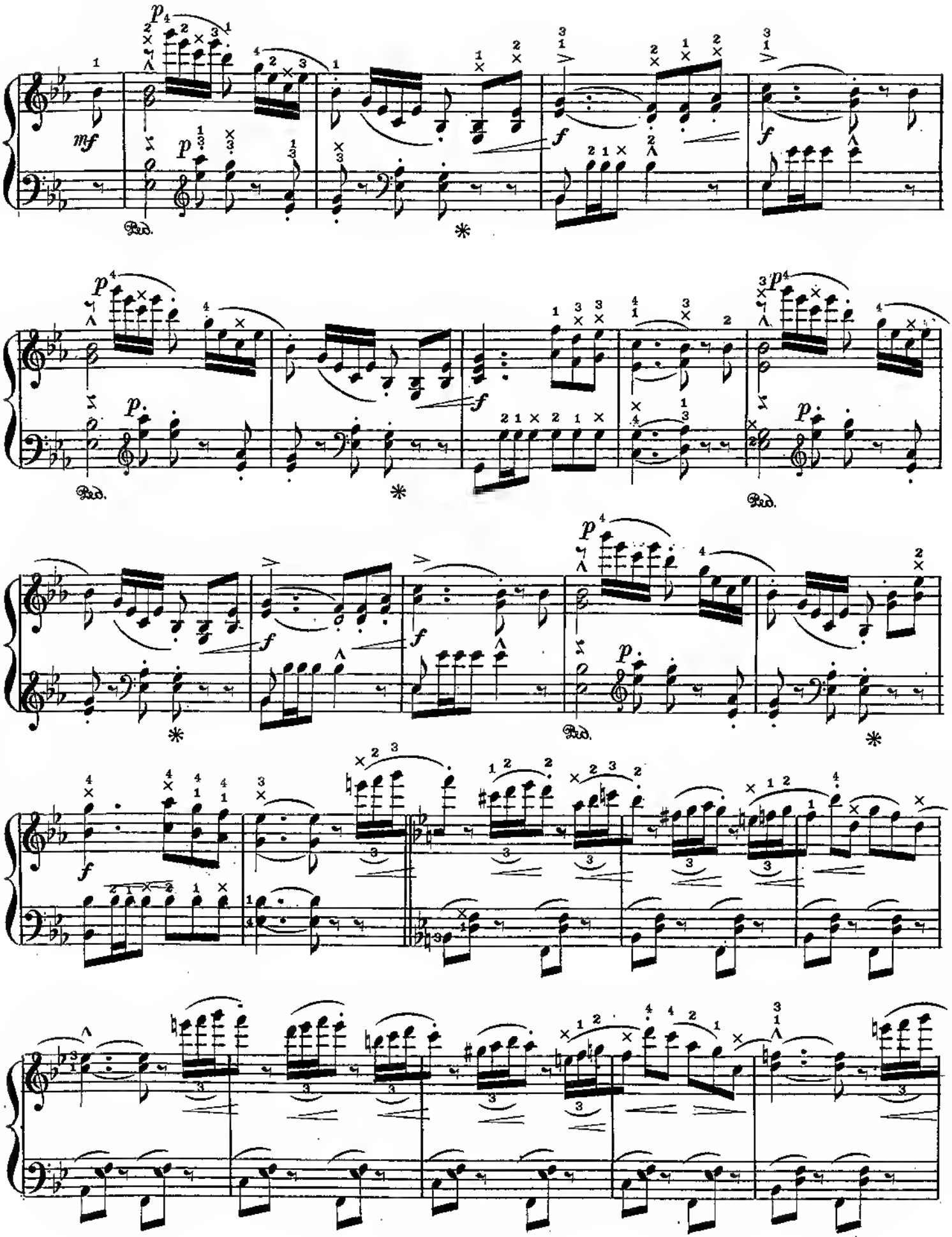
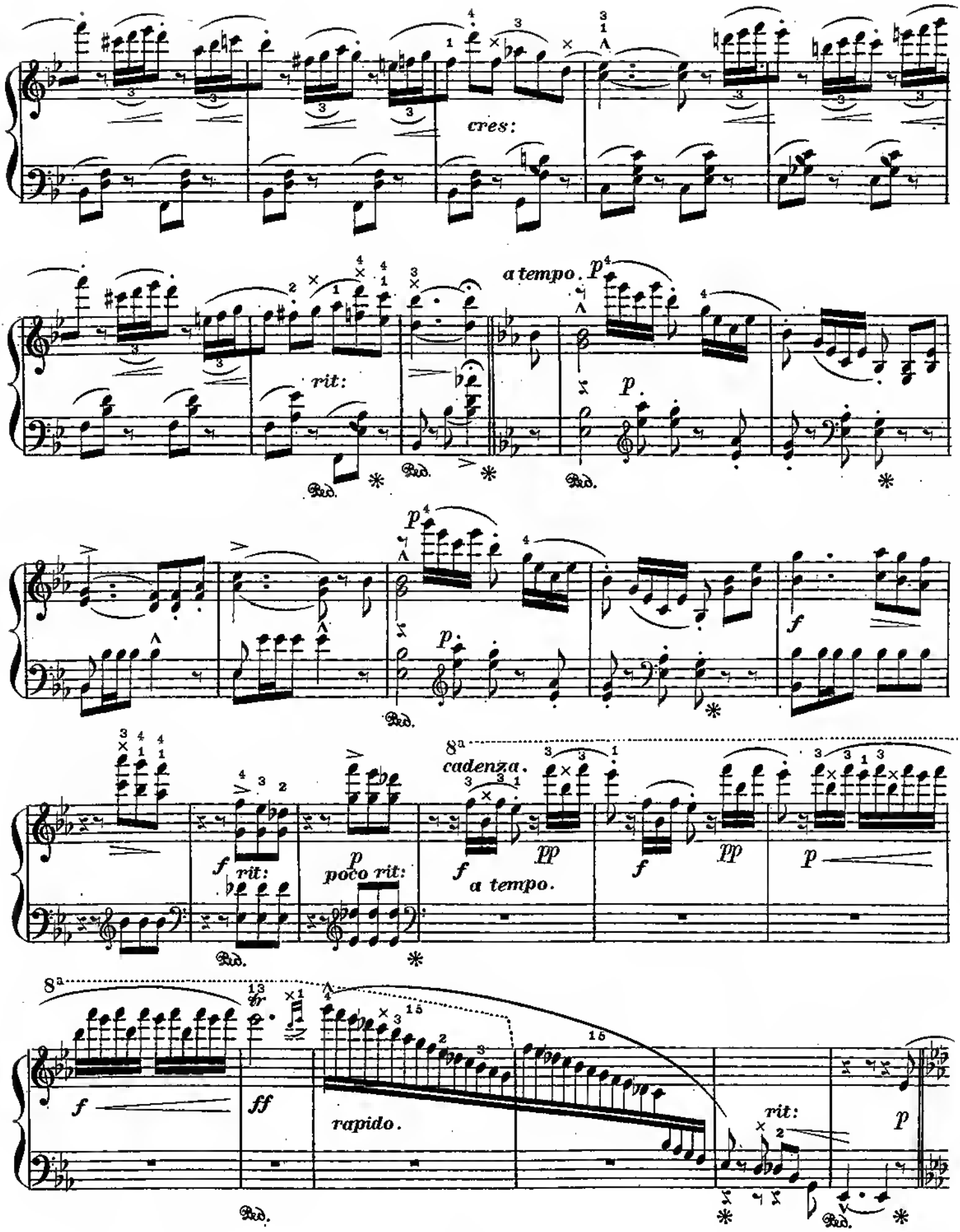
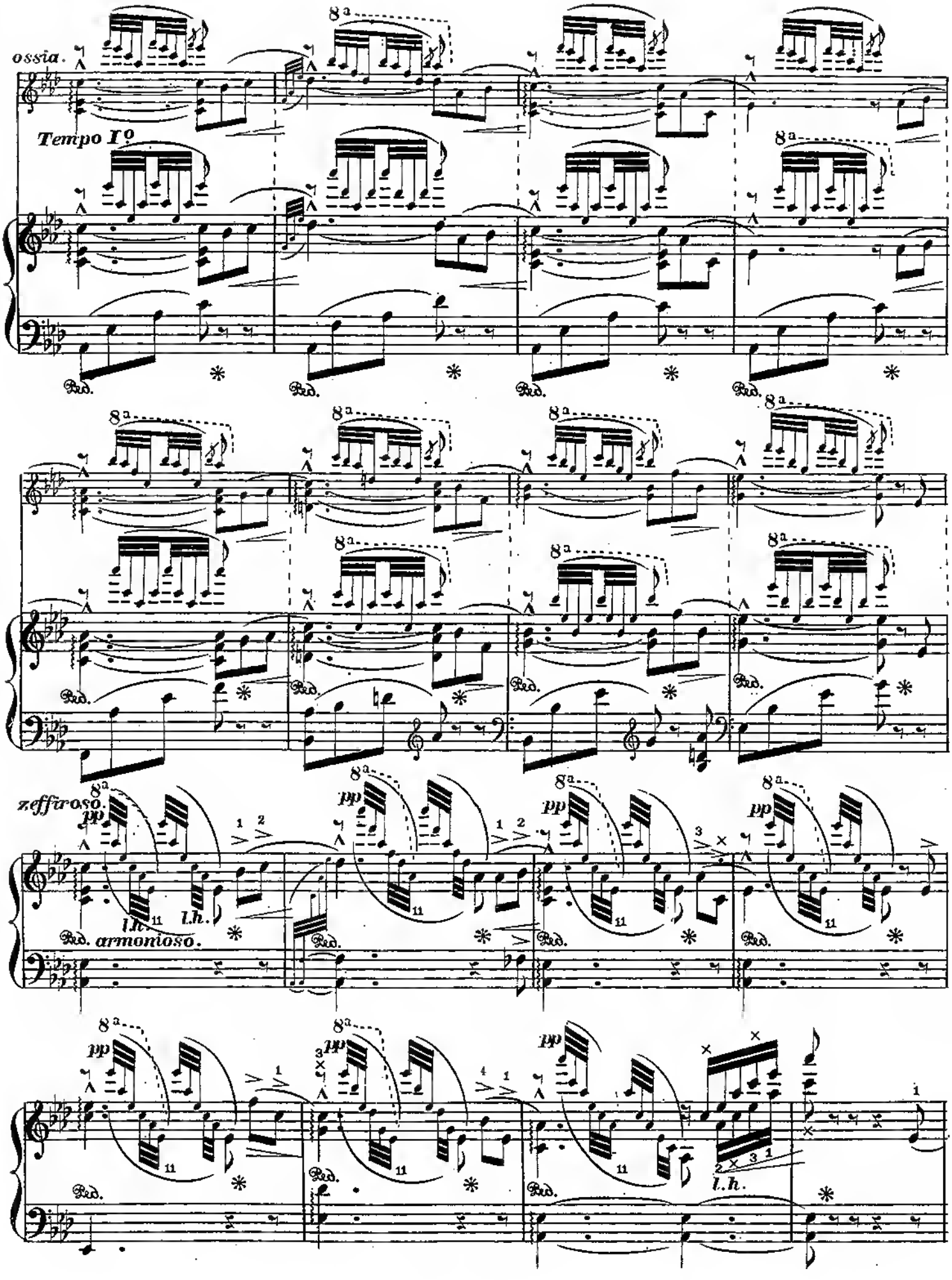

con moto.
cres:
f
* The following 8 measures the author plays with "ossia" Bass.
f
f
molto rit:
n.h.

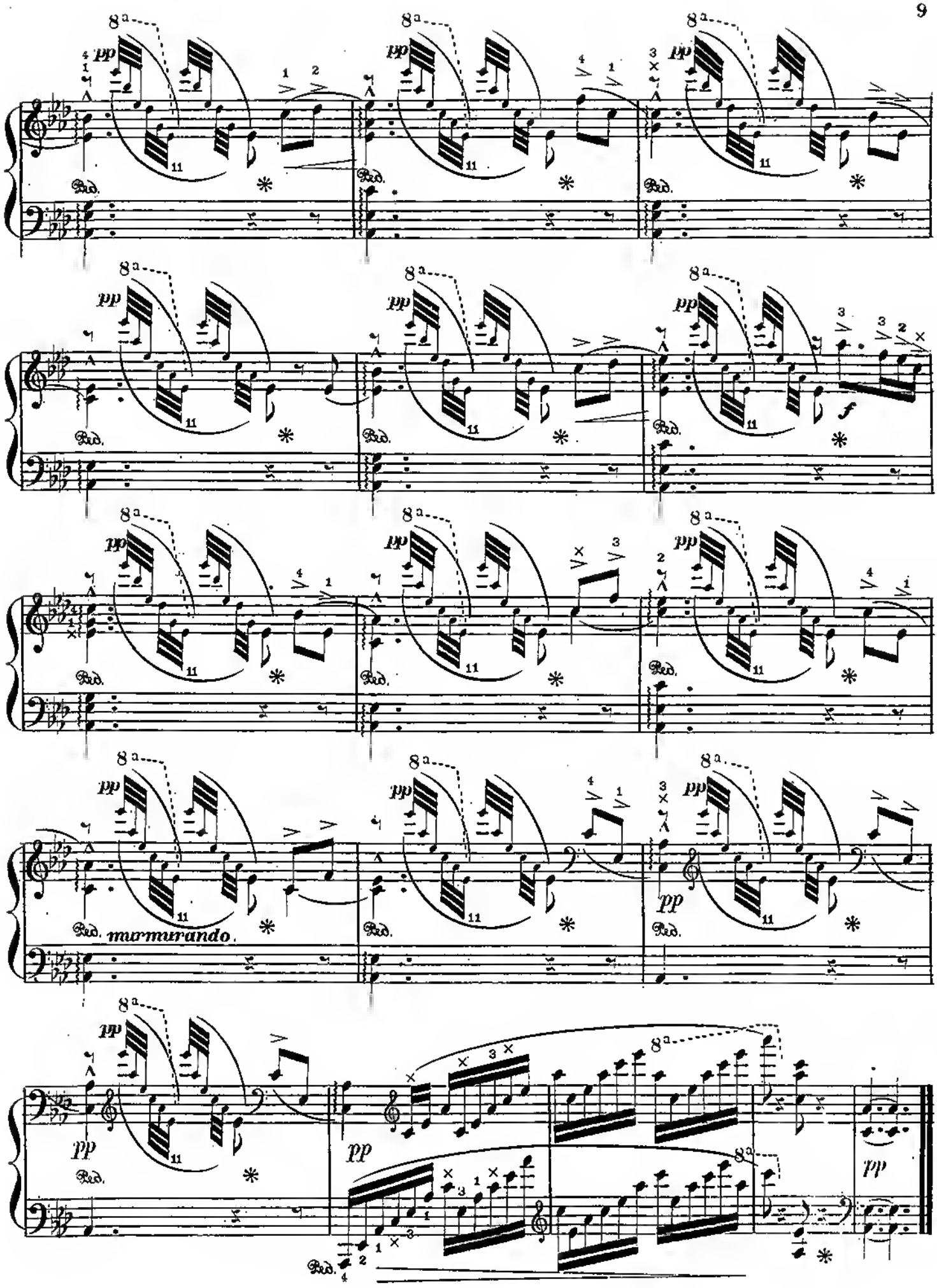

ossia.
leggiero.
p a tempo.
molto rit:
a tempo.

Scherzando. M. M. ♩. 92




cres:
rit:
a tempo.
p
f
cadenza.
poco rit:
a tempo.
pp
rapido.
ff
rit:


ossia.
Tempo I°
8a
Ped.
zeffiroso.
pp
armonioso.
l.h.


8a
pp
Ped.
murmurando.
f